



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD May to you, my friends! That is to say Sweetness to you! Shyness to you! Blossom-time to you! In brief, all the fresh glory of the spring to you! I trust I make myself clear? If not, put me out of doors on the first May morning and ask what Jack means by all that; and May herself will answer you.

Meanwhile, here is a pretty song about him, which I am sure will please you, for it was written for you by Evelyn Austin, a fine young friend of ST. NICHOLAS who loved all sweet and beautiful things.

A SONG OF MAY

MERAY, reflecting, frolicking May
Into the woods came slopping one day.
She tossed the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might.
She shooed to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring.
And the bees and the butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the troubles was all about,
And nothing in nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving, bright young May.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF COLOUR

WHAT is this I hear? Is it true that Prof. Gabriel Lippmann, a happy scientific Frenchman, has actually succeeded in photographing bright colors? and that he intends to experiment with his new "talc" photographs of flowers, trees, and even my very birds in the exact hues of life? Why, thy say that even the blues and sooty shadings of boys and girls are to be caught in a snap, so to speak!

Look into this matter, my chicks. When you see any grown person specially interested or ex-

perenced in photography, ask the privileges of questioning him upon the subject. You hold his coat-tails, and let him do the rest.

SEVEN LANGUAGES

Yes, and seven languages that we all understand pretty well, though we may not be able to speak them correctly. Your good friend John M. L., as you will learn from these lines lately sent you with his compliments, has inspired to his modest, tin-knocked, tin-locust, tin-tree-and, the hilling, tin-lark, and the baby, and this is his report of

WHAT THEY SAY

Crickets chirp, "Hello! Hello!
Sun will shine! I tell you so!"
Katydid of habit sing
N does n point to nontadid.
Locusts whirr, all in a swarm,
"Lo-ten!" "I will be ve-ry warm!"
Tree-toad thinks that 'e cause to fret,
Whines "No heat! I want it wet!"
Belling a voice is thick and hoarse;
Lay thing creaks, "Cut across!"
Lark calls from the many sky,
"I'll reach Heaven by and by."
Baby laughs a merry now,
"I've just come from there, you know!"

AND now to business, my crowd of thinkers, bicyclers, and lesson-masters, who have had enough of speculation and fancy. Let us take up some good live subject. Ah, I have it!

THE CONDOR OF THE ANDES

Up among the cold white peaks of the Andes, higher than human feet has had the daring to tread, is sometimes seen a dark speck, slowly sailing in the clear air. This speck gradually descends, and we see that it is the largest bird of the air, the condor. Its flight is more than the eagle's. Nothing but the distance could have made the condor of the Andes seem small and slow of wing. Swiftly descending, strong, cruel, hungry, he fastens his lurid eye upon some luckless lamb or kid. Rarely is it able to escape or baffle him in memory; successful resistance is impossible. The condor cannot carry off its prey in its talons like the eagle, for it has not the eagle's power of grasp, and the elusiveness of its claws is in this worn off on the hard rocks which are its home, so, mired upon the struggling animal with one foot, the condor kills the poor thing with his powerful beak and his other foot.

Like many other greedy creatures, the condor after his dinner becomes incapable of flight, and it is only then that he can be approached with safety; but now now the human must be cautious and strong. A Chilian miner, who was celebrated for his great physical strength, once thought that without weapons he could capture a condor which some of his usually striped slaves as heavy men. The man put forth all his strength, and the engagement was long and desperate, till at last the poor miner was glad to escape with his life. Exhausted, torn, and bleeding, he managed to carry off a few feathers as trophies of this hardest battle he had ever

fought. He thought that he had left the bird mortally wounded. The other miners went in search of the body, but instead found the bird alive and erect, flapping his wings for flight.

If the condor does not reach an untimely end by violence, it is, according to all accounts, very long-lived. The Indians of the Andes believe that he lives for a hundred years.

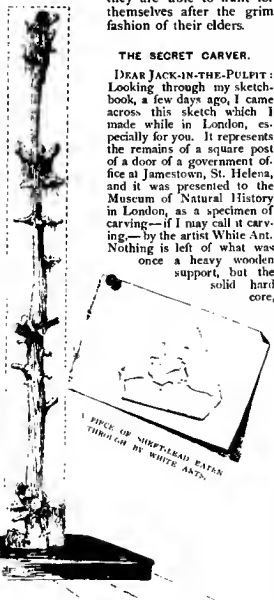
The condors' homes seem just suited for birds so ugly and fierce. They build no nest, but the female selects some hollow in the barren rock that shall be large enough to shelter her from the strong winds while she is hatching her eggs. Here, in the midst of a dreadful desolation, the ugly little condors begin their cries for food, and after they are six weeks old begin attempting to use their wings. The parents manifest the only good trait they possess, in their care for their young, feeding and training them to fly, so that in a few months

they are able to hunt for themselves after the grim fashion of their elders.

THE SECRET CARVER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Looking through my sketch-book, a few days ago, I came across this sketch which I made while in London, especially for you. It represents the remains of a square post of a door of a government office at Jamestown, St. Helena, and it was presented to the Museum of Natural History in London, as a specimen of carving—if I may call it carving—by the artist White Ant. Nothing is left of what was

once a heavy wooden support, but the solid hard core,



THE DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF WHITE ANTS. THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE ORIGINAL FORM OF THE TIMBER.

with its string-like pieces of tougher fiber hanging from the branches like moss from southern trees. On closely inspecting this skeleton, I observed that every part of it had been most beautifully grooved; not an inch of space but what had been worked upon. The grooves, which followed the grain of the wood, were many hundreds in number, and so wonderful was the workmanship that I could hardly convince myself I was not looking at a work of decoration instead of destruction. The tools used were the little ant's jaws, but the furrows were as smooth and as clean-cut as if they had been chiseled with a sharp steel gouge.

You may ask how it is these little destroyers are allowed to do such damaging work, and why they are not driven away as soon as they appear. Let me tell you, the white ant is a sly little workman. In working, it avoids piercing the outer surface of the woodwork, and hence the wood appears sound, even when the slightest touch is sufficient to cause it to fall to pieces.

Just imagine how uncomfortable it must be to live in a house where the door post may suddenly fall into powder, or, on attempting to seat yourself in a chair which has not been used for some time, to have that fall into pieces! It would certainly seem as if mischievous fairies were with us once more, and in no way improved in their "tricks and manners."

Evidently these little ant-fairies have quite a varied taste, for they are not always content with a wood diet. In the same case with the post I have shown you, is a piece of sheet lead which has furnished them with a few dinners. I send you a sketch of this also.

MEREDITH NUGENT.

THE BLUE SKY.

BY way of opening this subject, I may as well tell you that there is n't, actually, any such place as the blue sky. In fact, the sky is all moonshine—or perhaps I should say all mists and sunshine. It is nothing but air, about fifty miles high, or deep, whichever you please, and beyond that it is vacancy, and is nowhere in particular even then. If you stand in the valley and look up into the air you'll see what you call the sky; then if you climb out of the valley and up to the top of the mountains, you'll probably be standing in the very sky that you saw before, and, looking up into the air overhead, you'll have another sky just as good; and then if you get into a balloon and go higher yet, you'll still see a sky smiling down at you, as the poets say. What wonder! I'd smile too if I were a body of air fifty miles deep or high, thousands or millions of miles from the great heavenly bodies, and should find myself regarded as a sort of blue roof studded with little gold buttons or specks, called stars. Then to hear the very methodical moon (about 240,000 miles off) alluded to as a silver boat sailing in me!—and to hear the mighty sun (over eighty millions of miles away from my utmost limits) described as "struggling through" my gentle clouds! Why, it would be enough to make me laugh outright, so to speak—that is supposing I were this so-called azure roof, which, thank goodness, I'm not, for I don't fancy dampness or vagueness of any sort.

Now, my rosy philosophers, if by any accident you fail to understand all this, please do not bother me about it. Search elsewhere for information—ask your parents about it, or indeed any busy person who is sufficiently uninformed upon the subject.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It occurs to me that some of your young readers, especially those who have read the first paper on "The Land of Pluck" (in the December number), may be interested in hearing something of the little girl who has lately become Queen of Holland. Queen Wilhelmina, as she is called, though her mother Emma is for the present acting as queen regent, is a bright, happy child of eleven years, willing to study, and, like other little girls, glad also to play.

She owns dozens of finely dressed dolls, but her favorite pets are her Shetland pony, and one hundred and fifty pet pigeons which she cares for herself. . . .

When first told, a few months ago, that she was to be queen, she exclaimed in dismay: "Shall I have to sign all those papers as mama does?" But queenly duties will not be forced upon her for several years to come. . . .

Wilhelmina gets up every morning at seven o'clock, and her study hours are from nine to twelve. Then she has her simple noonday meal. She takes rides upon her pony every afternoon, no matter what the weather may be, and after a dinner at six, and a pleasant evening with her mother, goes to bed at eight o'clock. Her governess is an English woman, Miss Winter.

About \$240,000 has been set apart for the little queen's annual household expenses. Her household comprises two chamberlains, four professors, an equerry, and two lady's maids. Besides these, she has a "military household," whatever that may be. . . . She lives in a castle called "Het Loo," surrounded by meadows and very old trees. In the castle garden there are beds of fine tulips of which her father was very fond. In his study, now the young queen's private audience room, is a large collection of arms and armor displayed upon the walls. . . . In conclusion, dear ST. NICHOLAS, let me give your readers an extract from a paper in the New York *Tribune*, to which I am indebted for some of the above points:

"It has been said of the English Parliament that there was nothing it could not do except turn a woman into a man. The Dutch High Court of Justice has just given proof of its ability to accomplish what is beyond the power even of the British Parliament, by deciding that officials and other public servants should take the oath of allegiance, not to 'Queen,' but to 'King' Wilhelmina. This extraordinary decision has been violently attacked by the Dutch press as contrary to common sense, but the High Court is far too independent a body for there being any chance of its yielding the point. The States General alone could declare that even in Holland a queen is not a king, but it is doubtful if this is done."

Yours truly, J. T.

A LETTER FROM HOLLAND.

STRANGE to say, J. T.'s welcome letter was hardly in type, before another was handed us which is so interesting, and so exactly fits into this number of ST. NICHOLAS that we print it almost entire.

It came, as you see, straight from Holland, and the writer, a bright and patriotic Dutch girl, is in herself the best evidence one can have of the advantages of education her country offers to all.

It cannot but be encouraging to young Americans try-

ing to master a foreign tongue, to see how perfectly this Holland maiden expresses herself in English. Not a word of her beautifully written letter has been changed.

SCHREVENINGEN, February 28, 1891.

MY DEAR L.: It is now ten years ago that we began our correspondence, and those ten years have had for me an even and uneventful course, but they have been very pleasant and happy years, too; I should not mind living them over again. The year that has gone has been very much like the foregoing ones except for some political events which have created a change in our country. Our old king died, as you probably know, and at his death there has been a sincere mourning over the whole country. Personally he was not so very much liked; he was good but not particularly sympathetic or clever in any way. Still his subjects were attached to him because he was—his two sons having died—the last male descendant of a glorious and highly respected race: the House of Orange. The Oranges are loved by the Dutch because they can boast of many a valorous and wise ancestor, but principally because the head of the house, Prince William who died in 1564, freed the people from the Spanish tyrant whose despotic reign threatened to become unbearable. The sole descendant of this long list of princes and kings is our little Queen Wilhelmina, a child of ten years, very much beloved by the people, who cherish this frail bud in which all their hopes are fastened, as something very precious. The government is now in the hands of her mother, who is queen regent until the little one is eighteen years old. She is a very superior woman, kind and wise, giving her little daughter a sensible education, and quite capable of filling her difficult position and of executing her duties exceedingly well. Of course you, like a true American, do not feel any enthusiasm for kings and queens, but our government is constitutional and very liberal, and I don't think the people have in reality much more freedom in any of the new republics than in our kingdom. The two queens live in the Hague. As yet, of course, everything is very quiet at the court, but the mother and daughter can be seen daily when driving out, both in deep mourning, but looking very happy together. They pass our house nearly every day. I would not be queen for anything—would you? Fancy not a bit of freedom, not being able to move a step without the whole land, so to say, knowing of it; their sorrows and rejoicings, public sorrows and rejoicings! Seemingly rulers of the land, but in reality dictated to in their slightest acts! A dreadful life!

As yet all goes well in our little country, and I don't think we need have any fear of being swallowed up by the great states that surround us.

Now, I think you have had enough of politics.

Our winter has been, as probably everywhere else, exceptionally cold; an old-fashioned winter, and one that will be recorded in the annals of history and not soon forgotten. Of course, it has been the cause of much poverty and misery, and every one was thankful when, after weeks of severe frost, the thaw fell in; but much has been done to soften the sufferings of the poor, and those who went round to ask for help did not ask in vain. On the other hand, the whole country was alive with wholesome merriment, caused by the skating that was practised over the whole length and width of our

watery little land. Holland is very characteristic and very much at its advantage during such a time, and I am really thankful that I have lived through such a winter, and also that it has come at a period of my life when I have been able to join in the universal movement.

As you know, a great many of the people, especially the peasants, skate very well. The country is cut up by canals running from one town to the other, and from one village to the other; along these waters slow barges travel peacefully the whole summer through, laden with coals, wood, vegetables, pottery, and numberless other things; a great deal of traffic is done in this slow but sure way, as it is a very cheap mode of transport. But these same waters now bore a much livelier aspect. People of all classes skated along their smooth surfaces, and many have been the expeditions planned and executed to skate from one town to the other, halting at several small villages on the way, and thus seeing the country in an original and very pleasant manner.

My sister and I, and several ladies and gentlemen, made a charming excursion on one of the finest and mildest days of the winter. The sun shone brightly, the sky was blue, and although the thermometer pointed below zero, it was quite warm and delicious to skate. We were quite a large party, and went from the Hague to Amsterdam, and thence across the Y and farther over the inland waters to Monnickendam, on skates of course. Monnickendam lies at the Zuider zee, which is a kind of bay formed by the North Sea and surrounded by several provinces of our country. In comparison with your great lakes, it is small, but we consider it quite a large water, and it is very rarely frozen over. This year, however, it was one immense surface of ice, stretching itself out as far as the eye could reach. It was quite the thing this winter to go out and see it; so, of course, we went there and visited the small island of Marken which is situated near the coast.

A small steamer goes daily from Monnickendam to the island, or three times a week—I'm not sure about that; now all the communication was done by sledge and on skates over the ice. Thousands of people have seen Marken this winter in that way, and the place is quite a curiosity, especially for strangers. (If you happen to have a map of the Netherlands you'll be sure to find where it lies.) The costumes worn by the peasant men and women alone are well worth the voyage to the place, being quite different from those worn in Schiedamschen, and besides the pokey little wooden houses are charming in their way, and exceedingly clean and neat, with rows of colored earthenware dishes along the walls, and carved chests and painted wooden boxes piled one on the top of the other containing their clothes. Although so near the civilized world these good people live quite apart, hardly ever marry some one not from the island, and seem quite contented. They earn their living by fishing, and occasionally get as far as a harbor of Scotland. When we arrived there across the ice we were very hungry, and on asking a peasant if he could procure us something to eat, were very hospitably received in his little house by his wife, who regaled us on bread, cheese, and milk. Enormous hunches of bread! but what will a hungry skater not eat? And we sat very snugly in their little room, admiring all their funny little contrivances.

The Zuider zee was very curious and interesting to see. Fancy an enormous field of ice crowded with thousands of people all on skates, and moving swiftly between them, brightly painted sledges with strong horses and jingling bells, looking very picturesque. Also little ice-boats with large sails that come flying across the frozen waters, looking like great birds, but keeping at a little distance from the crowd for fear of accidents. A fair was held on the ice, where there were going on all kinds of harmless amusements, and little tents where they sold cakes and steaming hot milk and chocolate. The whole

scene, the bright, moving, joyous crowd made me think of the pictures by the old masters, like Teniers and Ostade, it was so thoroughly Dutch. But to think that this immense solid surface, whereon you moved so confidently, would melt again before the year was much older and change itself in lapping waves, was hardly conceivable!

At the Hague we have a very prettily situated skating-club, where our little circle of friends saw each other daily and where we spent many a pleasant hour. So the winter has flown by. It is not quite over but it seems so to me, as the last weeks have been very fine, and the place where we live, being half country, directly takes a spring-like air. Tennis begins to reign supreme, and I am going to practise this game very seriously.

I have not heard much music this winter. Our German opera which grew poorer and poorer every year is now gone altogether, and that was the only way in which we heard some Wagnerian operas, which I like above all others; indeed, the more you hear them the less you care about the others. Once a fortnight I regularly go to the concert, but there are times when I can't listen to the music. My mind strays, and try as much as I will, the sounds pass over me and don't leave any impression; I think the reason of this is that I have heard too much music in the last years, and that I don't appreciate it. So when it is not something I like very very much I had rather not hear it, as it only needlessly fatigues my brain, and I do not profit by it at all.

Your letter was very pleasant and so fluently written. I wish I could do as well; my only consolation is that it is not my language, but then I cannot produce such a good style in Dutch either, and you will hardly believe it, but I need a dictionary more when I write a Dutch letter than when I write an English one. Of course I make a great many mistakes in English, but Dutch is a far more difficult language, and you never know when a word is masculine or feminine (unless you are exceedingly clever!), as it makes no difference when you speak, but a great difference when you write; so if you want to write correctly you *have* to look in the dictionary or else to guess. Then you say, "Oh! that word is probably feminine," and you change the sentence accordingly, and afterwards you discover that you were quite wrong. Is not that a troublesome language? The French can hear when to put "le" or "la" before the word, at least they rarely make mistakes, but we can't. It sounds all the same when speaking.

I am always very sorry when I hear that your health is not all that can be desired. Do you take good care of yourself? and is not your mode of living too hasty? It is certainly a great trouble to be obliged to manage your health. I can hardly conceive such a position, because I can do with my health just what I like. And now, my dear L., it is really time to finish this long letter. I think I never wrote such a long one before.

So now good-by, and let me hear soon from you again.

Very truly yours,

ELISE MOLESWATER.

AN unknown correspondent, under the signature "Classical Friend," calls attention to an error in the legend for the picture on page 392 of the March St. NICOLAS. It should, of course, read: "The Theater of Dionysus," or Bacchus. *Dionysus* was the name of several distinguished men, especially of one of the tyrants of Syracuse. *Dionysus*, our correspondent says, "was the patron of festivity, therefore his worship was carried on in a theater," where an altar to him was erected. We are obliged to the anonymous, but vigilant reader.

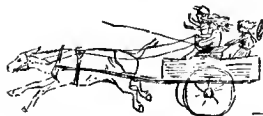
ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, off and on, as we are traveling about, and there is not another magazine which I know of that I appreciate as much as yours. I think your stories are lovely, and the only fault I find in them is, that they are much too short. We expected to go home to California the beginning of this month, but were detained by my having the measles. We spent (that is, my sister and I) a very doleful Christmas, but I managed to eat my mince-pie and plum-pudding before getting ill. I have traveled ever since I was fourteen months old, and have been to England, France, Spain, Germany, passed through Holland (that dear little "Land of Pluck"), and of course America. I have the dearest, cunningest canary whose name is "Dicky Boy." He cost twenty marks in Dresden, which equals five dollars. His singing master having been a nightingale, his voice is perfectly fascinating! And now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I am afraid this letter has not been very interesting, but having to be kept indoors for a fortnight, one is apt to get cross and dull. I hope you will think this worth while to put in your Letter-box. I would like to write more, but I would bother you and, besides, Dicky is on the table giving me a concert, so I must listen to him, or Signor Dickini would be offended. Your constant reader,

EDITH P.—

THREE young friends who live in Kirkwood, Mo., and who sign their letter "We, Us, & Co.," send us a spirited picture which we take pleasure in printing herewith. They call it:

"GOING TO THE POST-OFFICE FOR ST. NICHOLAS."



LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a great source of pleasure to me for many, many years. As far back as 1878 and 1879, when I lived in Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A., my sister took you, and almost every year since I have looked forward eagerly to the time of the month for you to appear.

In 1889 I left Buffalo, and have since lived in "dear old dingy London," as somebody has called the great city. Like Julia B. H., who has a letter in the January number, from Buffalo, I miss "Buffalo's beauty." I take you now, and though I am getting almost to manhood I enjoy you just as much as ever.

The opinions some of the English have of our glorious country and its inhabitants are often very amusing if not provoking at times.

I am your devoted reader,

"PERSEUS."

HAMILTON, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every month I read the letters in your Letter-box, but I have never yet seen one from Ontario, Canada. Now I am sure lots of little girls in Canada read ST. NICHOLAS, and are as fond of it as I am, so I will write for all of them, and tell you how much we enjoy the lovely stories you give us. My father gave ST. NICHOLAS to me for my eighth birthday, two years ago, and I hope I shall get it every month for a long time to come. I am very much interested in "Lady Jane," and was sorry it was so soon finished. I wish Mrs. Jamison would write another story just as nice. And I also wish Marjorie's papa would tell us something more about Marjorie. His rhymes were lovely, especially "The little boy who was turned into a bird." I love funny rhymes; we often try to make them ourselves. Now I hope you will be kind enough to print this letter, not because it is worth printing, but because it comes from Canada, where you have many constant and admiring readers like

Your little friend,

AILEEN R.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Urquhart L., Ray E. B., Otto F., H. S. H., E. C. P., Laura K., Frances A. G., Clara E. and Ruth D., George H. S., Holcombe W., Lutie M., George W. P. Jr., Lulu B., Gwendoline D., Janet and Marion, Edna N., Ellie G., Ethel L., "Polly," Esther D. S., Edith B., Ida H., Katie, Marguerite H., Grace H., Helen D., Mabel H., Ava B., Maude E. F., John A. F., George S., Ada I. H., Chloe D., Beth L., Alice C. T., Ida M. K., J. McL., Ben V., Gertrude P., James W., Oliver H. P., George S. M., Julie S. M., F. C. W., Herbert F., Lois L., Margaret H. D., Harold F., Ruth McN., Will B. S., Elden P., Nellie E. T., Rex, Anna and Ring, Doris and Dorothy D., E. W. Van S., Percy G. W., John M. F., Florence N., Anna and Eric K., Geo. L. R., Bijon, C. L. R., Ethel H. B., Mary Constance DuB., H. L. Mc., Florence S., Wren W., Alice G. H., Anna M., Annie E. M., Gladys I. M., Flossie B. B., Merguerite W., Helen B. F., Louis Victor M., Florence E. B., Esther R., C. M. P., Marion I., Alma E. R., Katharine I. McC., George W. H., Sarah and Susie B., Harry B., J. C. C., Algernia T. G., Irma A. M., Emilie M., Leonora S. M., Charles M., Rachelle G. H., Stella H., Rebecca A. B., Fleta B., Dot and Tot, Marietta B. H., Sarah I. P., Mamie I. C., Alida A. and Ethel J., Kittv and Nelly, Josephine W. B., Addie W. E., Mary M., Estelle I., Alice M. P., Mary C. and Beth T., Hubert L. B., Margaret and Marion, Anne Russell A., Annie B. R., Helen F., Mae W. E. A. C., Jeannie E. and Bettie V., "Jack," Lucilla H., Holmes R., Nellie L. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Shakespeare. Cross-words: 1. Shylock. 2. Hamlet. 3. Ariel. 4. King Lear. 5. Escalus. 6. Sebastian. 7. Pericles. 8. Egmont. 9. Antony. 10. Romeo. 11. Eglamout.

PL. By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Here the flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The long lance in silence slept:
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

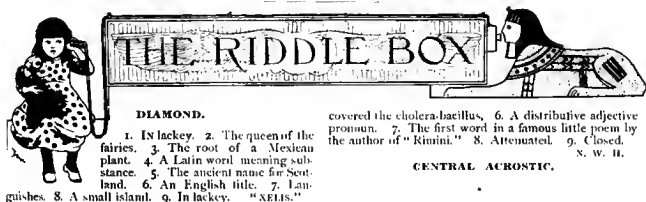
RHOMBUS. Thumb-stall. 1. Across: 1. Thumb. 2. Osier. 3. Ensie. 4. Delay. 5. Tetes. 11. Across: 1. Stall. 2. Orion. 3. Martin. 4. Runes. 5. Seton.

WIND-SQUARES. 1. CRI. 2. Area. 3. Real. 4. Tale. 5. PENTAGON. 1. M. 2. Led. 3. Later. 4. Metonic. 5. Denote. 6. Rites. 7. Cess.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "The Wise Five"—E. M. G.—Maud E. Palmer—Clara H. Craig—Paul Reese—Aunt Kate, Moma and Jamie—M. Josephine Sherwood—"The McG's"—"Adriodack"—J. A. F. and J. H. C.—A. L. W. L.—Agnes and Elinor—Pearl F. Stevens—"Arcadia"—"Infantry"—Alice M. Blanke and "Tiddleywinks"—Alice M. C.—Hubert L. Binyan—May—"We Two"—Jo and I—Nellie L. Howes—Adele Walton—"Bud"—Papa and I—Ida and Alice—Helen C. McCleary—"The T. Q. Musical Coterie"—Uncle Mung—"Mr. Toots"—Edith Sewall—Nellie and Reggie—Camp—Ida C. Thallon—"Charles Beaufort."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "Nifescan," 3—L. Starr, 1—R. W. G. and M. E. G., 2—Ed M. G., 1—"Reynard," 4—Elaire Shirley, 5—R. T. Mount, 1—F. O. D., 1—Florence Osborne, 1—E. C. and C. W. Chambers, 2—Mabel H. Als, 1—Mary McKittrick, 1—D. N. S. B., 1—"Mira Araminta," 4—Leonard Dashiell, 2—Katie M. W., 10—Fred, Willie, and Algar Bourn, 1—"Lady Malapert," 1—Mary H. Clark, 1—Aunt Anna and Lillie, 3—Clare D., 1—Robert A. Stewart, 8—John and Besie G., 4—Violette, 4—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Alice Falvey, 1—Ed and Papa, 10—Madge and Jennie, 4—Leander S. Keyser, 1—Frank C. Lincoln, 10—Gretta F. and Florence O., 1—Averill, 1—Carla, 3—Florence Oppenheimer, 1—George B. Keeler, 1—"H. Hercules," 1—Mamma and Thurston, 2—M. A. R., 1—Lee Randolph, 3—Virginia Mercer, 1—"Couper and Abbie," 1—"King Anso IV," 9—Minna, 2—Charlie Dignan, 10—Carrie Thacher, 7—Catherine Bell, 1—Calman, 10—Nellie Smith, 2—H. MacDougall, 1—Evelle, Clarendon, and C. Ions, 4—Ellen "Mereros," 1—S. B. C. and A. R. T., 4—Grace and Nan, 9—Bernadine J. Butler, 7—Geoffrey Parsons, 5—"Three Generations," 6—"Thor and Hottentot," 2—"Nanne Cai," 1—"Cele and J.," 3—Hetty J. Barrow, 3—"Six, and Two Dictionaries," 6—George Seymour, 9—Nellie Archer, 1—"We, Us, and Co.," 6—Clara and Emma, 7—"Polly Bobs," 3—"Smooch," 3—Beth and Leslie, 3—Nellie and Edith Perkins, 1—Maurice C. Zinn, 1—Laura M. Zinner, 4—Geo. A. Miller, Jr., 3—"The Scott Family," 10—No Name, San Francisco, 6—"The Nutshell," 5—Raymonde Robson, 2—Edith J. Sanford, 7—"We, Us, and Company," 6—C. F. M. and M. J. M., 5—Raymond Baldwin, 1—Marcia V., 2—Bertha W. Groesbeck, 5—"Benedick and Beatrice," 5—Ruth A. Hobby, 2—Sissie Hunter, 2—C. and A. Southwick, 7—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 7—"Tivoli Gang," 7—Mabel and Auntie, 2.



DIAMOND.

1. In lackey. 2. The queen of the fairies. 3. The root of a Mexican plant. 4. A Latin word meaning substance. 5. The ancient name for Scotland. 6. An English title. 7. Language. 8. A small island. 9. In lackey. "XELIS."

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

Of letters six consists the word:
A famous doubter was my first, we've heard;
Despaired not, my second says;
My third to rest the sleepless lays;
My fourth describes a portion slight;
My fifth, pertaining to the stars of night;
The plural of a metal hard
My sixth—will not your work retard.

ROCHESTER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials and initials each name a poet; one is the author of "Rimini," the other of "Endymion."

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. A prison. 2. A musical instrument. 3. A prefix signifying half. 4. A large package or bale especially of cloves. 5. The surname of the German physician and scientist who dis-

covered the cholera-bacillus. 6. A distributive adjective pronoun. 7. The first word in a famous little poem by the author of "Rimini." 8. Attenuated. 9. Closed.

S. W. H.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Cross-words: 1. In monument. 2. Congregated. 3. A fruit. 4. A figure of speech. 5. A portion. 6. To wink. 7. To wish for earnestly. 8. Made into bundles. 9. Ancient. 10. Inclosed with palisades. 11. Sportive. The central letters (indicated by stars) will spell a holiday.

"SOLOMON QUILL."